"Jones Family"

"Jones & his Brother"

"Tweet" "Tweet"

"Kat"

"Elton & Enid"

"Be careful"

"Cliff & Audrey"

"Enid"

"Quite it"

"Smile"

"Jones Family"

"Jones & his Brother"

"Tweet" "Tweet!"

"Pat"

"Clton & Enid"

"Enid"

"Be careful"

"Quite it"

"Smile"

"Clif & Audrey"

"Jones Family"
Katherine Fay Hunt's Black Photo Album
Page 31, c 1925

Reflections

Jeffrey Hunt
April 18 2026

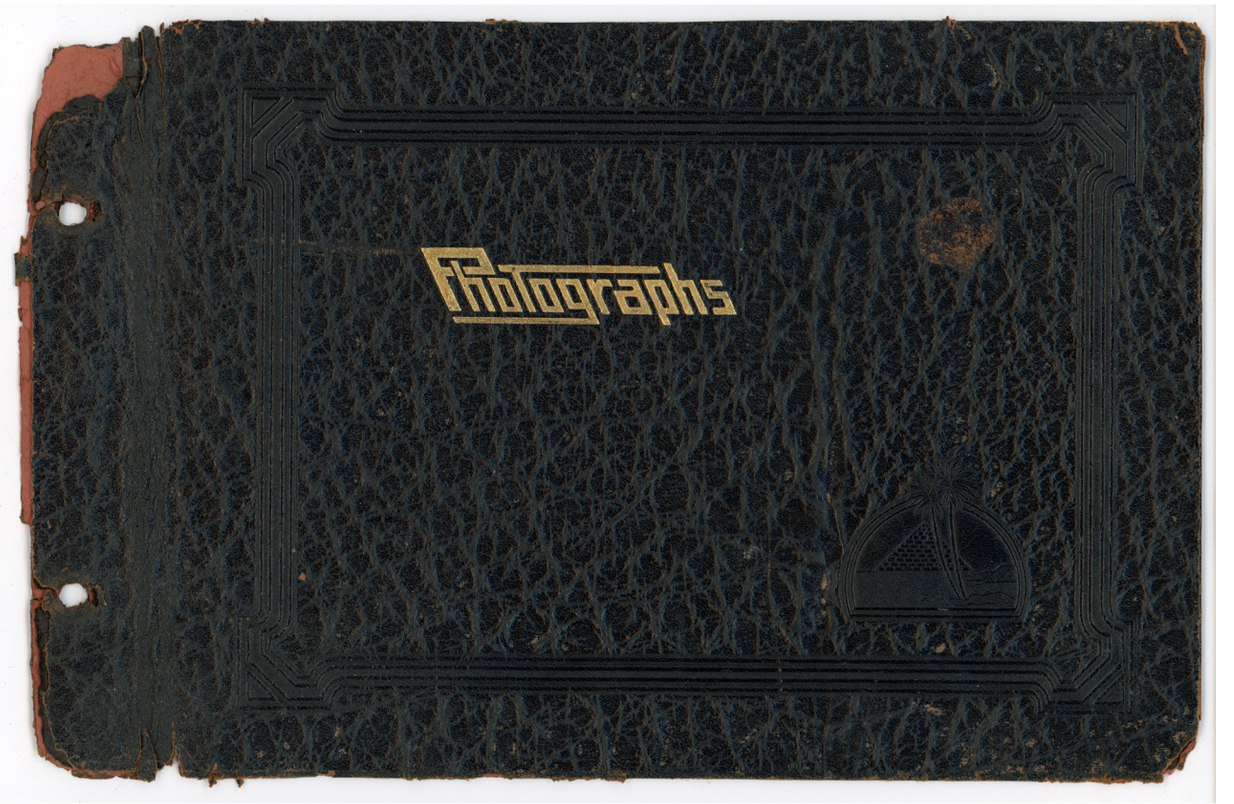
Looking at this page from my grandmother Katherine Fay Ports' photo album, I find myself thinking not only about the people in it, but about the making of it. It continues the high school social world of the preceding pages. Katherine graduated from Camas High School in 1925, and what strikes me most here is the amount of time and care this one page must have taken. Each figure was cut out by hand, arranged on the black album paper, and outlined with that bright white line—a dramatic, almost electric glow. How many hours did she spend on this single page?

I can't help imagining the setting in which it was made. The winter photograph of the family house dates from around 1925, perhaps a little earlier or later, so it may show the house much as it looked when Katherine was finishing high school and working on these pages. Was she sitting upstairs in a bedroom? Downstairs at the kitchen table? Was someone playing the piano in the other room—perhaps her sister, or someone else in the family?

I still have that Ivers & Pond piano, the spectacular upright that originally came from Oklahoma with the Booth family. There was also a great deal of the sheet music that came with the piano, at least two feet of it—much of it belonging to Herthel Ports, Katherine's older sister by a year or two. When I look at this page, it is hard not to feel some faint connection between those objects, that house, and this careful work of her hands. I can hear "Clouds," by Kahn and Donaldson, on the piano from that very stack of music – although that was a bit later, 1935.

The page itself has humor in it, and a social life that would have been immediately clear to her friends. Nearly everyone here, of course, is a Jones, or connected somehow to that circle. There are little cartoon figures suggesting flirtation or dancing, and then, right in the middle, the wonderful handwritten warning: "Be careful." That is my grandmother speaking—also there as "Kat." It feels like a remark whose full meaning has vanished with time.

There is also the little note "Tweet! Tweet!" near the center—another small fragment of a private language. Birds circling around dizziness? Ordinary life once seemed too obvious to explain. Everyone she shared this with at the time would have understood the references. Now they remain as traces: names, faces, moods, hints of attraction, hints of caution, all still present but no longer fully legible.

Note: This image of the Roffler House, includes a minimal AI-assisted correction to clarify the roofline, which was nearly invisible in the original high-contrast photograph. Aside from that limited adjustment, the photograph remains unchanged. The original version will be included alongside this one in the Internet Archive upload for comparison and documentation.

I remember sitting with my Grandmother Hunt when she was quite elderly and looking through this album with her. She had things to say about the pages, but I did not understand enough then to ask the right questions. Looking at this page now, I find myself lingering not only over the photographs, but over the act of looking itself—trying to picture her there, somewhere in that house, patiently making this page and preserving a world that already must have felt worth saving.